

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by The Press Publishing Company, No. 55 to 63 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
J. ANTON BLAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.
The Associated Press is authorized to use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

IN ONE POCKET, OUT OF ANOTHER.

WOULD a bonus be one? We have asked this question before. We repeat it, because in the answer lies the crux of the bonus controversy.

A Washington despatch from David Lawrence yesterday presented a clear and concise answer:

"Some of the Government experts figure the effect of a bonus raised by such taxation as has been suggested will be to make the soldier himself and the members of his family pay out of one pocket what he will be receiving in another."

It isn't a question of whether the Government ought to "adjust compensation." It isn't a question of the gratitude or ingratitude of the Nation.

If those who demand a bonus were able and willing to get down to an exact and accurate analysis of the situation, they would discover the bonus to be an economic impossibility.

This is one of the horrors of war. It is a result of the organized waste that is war. Those two years the soldiers put in were lost, absolutely and irretrievably. They were wasted. They were the price the young men paid for being born in a world where war is waged by nations. Those two years are water that has passed over the dam. It is sad but true.

Other countries have made bonus payments, but these did not "adjust compensation." The soldiers collected cash. They paid in unemployment, hard times, depreciated currency and high cost of living.

The average condition of the veterans to-day in the United States is better than the average in countries where bonus payments have been made. That is because economic conditions in general are better. The United States did not waste and destroy so large a proportion of its wealth as some of the other countries. It had more left.

A bonus wouldn't be one. The result would be retarded recovery from wartime conditions. The veterans would be no better off. Their families and friends would be worse off.

A bonus wouldn't be one.

Only hard workers are grouchy, a Chicago physician declares.

He is evidently in the pay of the interests seeking to discredit the record for industry and happy optimism credited to the cheerful, hard-working Mayor of New York and Palm Beach.

PHONOGRAPH STATESMANSHIP.

IT IS seldom the dignity of the Senate is destroyed by the expressive but slangy question: "Where do you get that stuff?"

This is fortunate or unfortunate—as you look at it.

But Senator Glass answered the unasked question last Thursday when he interrupted Senator Heflin's attack on the Federal Reserve Board. It made one of the funniest moments in the history of the Senate.

It was the second time Senator Glass had heard the speech. Senator Heflin's office adjoints that of Senator Glass. Senator Glass was in his office when he heard the speech rehearsed.

So far there is nothing peculiar in this. Many Senators rehearse their speeches. The funny feature was that the rehearser was not Senator Heflin but John Skelton Williams, former Comptroller of the Currency and vindictive enemy of the Federal Reserve system.

When the Senator from Alabama spoke he was only a phonograph playing the "Skelton Williams Rag" record. Senator Glass told where he "got that stuff." Then the Senate and the public could better judge what it was worth.

Heflin is not the only phonograph Senator. Half the speeches in Congress are loaded with propaganda. The speakers are mouthpieces of special interests. Their "convictions" are handed to them. They stand and deliver.

Some Senator could be a valuable public servant if he would undertake the thankless task of telling Congress and the public where the phonograph records come from—"where they get that stuff."

ACHES AND PAINS

A Disjointed Column by John Keetz.

Old City Hall Square in Brooklyn is so thoroughly tunnelled it ought to be renamed Burrow Hole.

First the egg and then the chicken;
Next the hen and then the pickin'!

The rich are getting rich again and the poor poor. No more \$12 silk shirts for the longshoreman or \$18 shoes for the cooks. They're back on Fifth Avenue.

I'm only a train on the L. I. road,
But good for a column a day,
Whether behind or right on time
I fill up Chris Morley.

(Poetic License.)

We were surprised to hear our physician say that

pig's knuckle and sauerkraut were good for indigestion. Looks like a plant!

A Ford car now costs little more than curfare.

TARK TANKUS, THE TIGER OF THE TIDE.

Being an Up-to-Date Pirate Tale of Our Own Manufacture.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

The scene changes. No longer does Tarpaulin command his gallant ship. He is lashed to the mast while around him lie his shackled crew.

Tark Tankus eyes them balefully. "There can be but one end to this," he observes savagely. "Dead men tell no tales. They who live on water must die by water. Let them walk the plank."

(To Be Continued.)

PRESIDENT TO SENATE.

PRESENTING the Arms Conference treaties to the Senate yesterday, President Harding said:

"Either these treaties must have your cordial sanction or every proclaimed desire to promote peace and prevent war becomes a hollow mockery."

Proclaimed American desire is, of course, the exact meaning of the President's words.

The Senate can hardly miss the point.

Nor should the Senate fail to appreciate Mr. Harding's earnest efforts to present the treaties with every persuasion that might appeal to less sympathetic parts of the Senatorial mind.

"No expressed or implied commitment to arrive at any agreement except in accordance with our constitutional methods," "the Senate's concern for freedom from entanglements, for preserved traditions for maintained independence never once forgotten," attention called to the fact that there were both Republican and Democratic Senators on the American delegation; "no war commitments, no sovereignty, no added obligations"—nothing could be pleasanter or more soothing for ears counted irreconcilable.

No one should overlook the significance in the President's avowal as to his own present functions:

"I alluded a moment ago to my knowledge of the viewpoint of the Senate from personal experience. Since that experience I have come to know the viewpoint and inescapable responsibility of the Executive. To the Executive comes the closer view of world relationship and more impressive realization of the menaces, the anxieties and the apprehensions to be met."

There are volumes in that admission.

Even a hard-headed Senate ought to be able to grasp some of the reasons why the Warren Harding in the White House to-day is not altogether the Warren Harding of the late campaign.

The President has, nevertheless, done his utmost to keep the Republican record itself from too glaring "involvements."

He has also done his Republican best for the Arms Conference treaties—even to insisting that "they have no semblance or relationship to the League of Nations save as the wish to promote peace has been the common inspiration."

The treaties are beyond all shadow of doubt treaties of progress. They mark substantial advance in the direction of world security and peace. They deserve the whole-hearted ratification of this Government and people of the United States.

The President speaks solemn truth when he says it will be futile to try further if the Senate will not advise and consent on the treaties presented to it yesterday.

THE HEALTHIEST YEAR.

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.)
Increase in the knowledge of preventable disease in the United States and Canada reflects itself in the mortality statistics of the two countries compiled by the life insurance companies. This year goes down in history as the "healthiest ever experienced" with approximately 163,000 fewer deaths than in 1920.

The death causes showing marked decrease were the respiratory diseases, particularly influenza and pneumonia, with a marked decline in the number of tuberculosis victims as well. Scarlet fever and diphtheria were the only diseases that took substantially heavier tolls of human life this year than last. Sui-icides, homicides and injuries from automobile accidents were markedly on the increase, the latter alone in the opinion of a leading life insurance expert costing the country in human life an economic loss of \$25,000,000.

Whatever may be the possibilities of substantially reducing the number of deaths attributable to the diseases that now show a tendency to become more deadly, the annual loss of human life from automobile accidents can be substantially reduced.

Expert opinion in the medical field is unanimous in the belief that the span of human life can be markedly lengthened through increased knowledge of preventable disease and the promulgation of principles of sane living and thinking. That the expectancy of life at the present time in the United States is only fifty-one years is an indication of a careless policy in connection with the Nation's most important resource. Barring serious epidemics the favorable health showing of 1921 should be repeated in succeeding years and improved upon, with increasing numbers having access to the best medical and surgical attention available.

The Grab Bag!

Copyright, 1922,
The New York Evening World
By Press Publishing Co.

By John Cassel



From Evening World Readers

What kind of letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in few words. Take time to be brief.

Test Building Material.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The tragedy that caused the death of 100 souls at the Knickerbocker Theatre in Washington is a terrible shock to the nation. What a warning to New York City, where masses of people night after night attend our theatres!

I believe that the snow-covered roof, with its weight of several tons, could not have caused that disaster. I believe as a mechanical man that would be impossible.

What the public would like to know is, does President Harry M. Crandall or any building official or architect know whether the material used in constructing the Knickerbocker Theatre was good or bad? Could they swear under oath that all the material used was 100 per cent. quality?

Inquiries should begin at once by the Senate if necessary and if it should be found that any group of individuals are responsible they should be shown no mercy, no matter who they are.

The people of our own great city never realize or stop to think that under the sidewalks there are tons of machinery and high pressure steam boilers which would, if neglected, cause the death of many thousands of people.

"Thanks to the Boiler Squad at headquarters" every boiler is numbered. Every man who operates them has his name beside that number. He must be licensed. Every steam boiler in this great city under pressure is severely tested and if it is not up to the standard it is put out of commission.

The Legislature should make laws compelling builders, contractors and architects to be licensed and hold them responsible for any cheap material used in construction work.

I believe without a doubt that the Knickerbocker Theatre disaster was caused through cheap material used in construction. B. PHELAN.

Villagers and Prohibition.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In the introduction to his symposium on the effect Prohibition has had on business Roger Batchelder says: "A few . . . lived in small villages and did not feel themselves competent to express an opinion." Of the number interviewed only residents of Warren, Pa., and Winchester, Ky., were given "small-town" expression—and they spoke good words for Prohibition.

To the villager his business is as important as may be the great industry of a resident of New York. The effect upon the country merchant's business should be registered

along with what the "city chap" has to say. But apart from the "business" aspect of the amendment, it is from the villages and countryside that the support of Prohibition may find its voice the loudest—loudest in its silence.

Communities of 1,000 and under far outnumber towns of larger population; it takes a lot of 'em to make New York City, but their influence spreads into the remote sections of every State—and their vote would count in a referendum, as their vote and influence had its effect on the advance of Prohibition over a stretch of fifty years. Mr. Batchelder, in slipping in the paragraph about the villages, like the girl who used peroxide on her hair, fooled nobody but himself.

If I were permitted to advance respectful criticism of your editorial and news-page policy, granting your right to run your paper as you choose, I would say you weaken your cause by ignoring the certain fact that there must be something good in the result of Prohibition. The women of the farm and village, the women in the cities; a great many men in New York and Lone Tree have found, by experience, that the contrast between ready-booze and booze hard to get is not eternally working to the disadvantage of Prohibition.

Personally I used to highly favor California "red ink" with my dinner at the Gloria Italia; and I used to drop in at the corner and chat with Reilly over a round or two of Red Eye—but the generations to come are of vastly more importance to the world than I can ever be. So I resign my "rights" and have my hearty laugh at the booze gang who have killed their own goose and miss their golden eggs.

WALTER KANE.

Enforcement Officials.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Under the caption "Enforcement," Arthur Douglas writes that the arrest of prominent Prohibition officers proves that the law is being conscientiously enforced.

If Mr. Douglas will think hard he will realize that it proves nothing of the sort. What it does prove is that no man with any decency and cleanliness about him can be procured to enforce such a travesty on Justice.

The arrests will also help those responsible for them to feather their own nests.

Judging by some past performances of these Prohibition officers and their records (when the papers took the trouble to investigate and publish them), it seems that many of them are a pretty sad lot.

By the way, the fact that the Anti-Saloonists have persistently refused to divulge the sources of their revenue is proof conclusive that they must be involved in not only drink, but also candy corporations. J. H. K.

New York, Feb. 7, 1922.

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

(Copyright, 1922, by John Blake.)

REPARATIONS.

Go ahead and damage your constitution and impair your mind by bad habits and self-indulgence if you want to. But do not forget that you will have to make reparation by and by.

There will be no conferences or exchanges of notes about how much you can pay either. You will pay the whole bill and pay it when it is due. Nature is determined to collect and she knows how.

A long night's sleep after three or four nights mostly spent sitting up at idle or foolish pursuits will seem to restore you and make you feel like a fighting cock the next morning. But the damage has been done to your nervous system and to your brain cells. The devastation is there and you will be called upon to make it good at very considerable expense to your comfort and happiness by and by.

You can neglect your work day after day—or do a quarter as much of it as you ought to. But by and by you will be wondering why the man who sits next to you is getting promoted and you are not. Your lack of promotion is merely the reparation you are called upon to pay—not only called upon but forced to pay.

To you is committed the care of a body and a mind. You are responsible for both. You can abuse them if you want to. Nobody is going to stop you. But by and by will come reparation day and then, whether you like it or not, you must make up for the damage.

There is no appeal to nature. Her laws are there. You can break them or not as you choose, but you can't break them without paying the penalty.

She is liberal enough with your equipment. She supplies you with more strength, mental and physical, than you are going to need to earn your living, but she insists that this strength be intelligently used.

She demands a reasonable amount of action and visits her revenge on the lazy as quickly as upon those who exhaust their reserves by unnatural drains.

Build up this strength, establish a reserve, do the work that is your allotment and you will never get into the reparation court till you are called to pay the last debt that all must pay. Neglect what has been given you and most of your life after forty or fifty will be spent in paying heavy damages, whether you want to pay them or not.

MONEY TALKS.

By HERBERT BENINGTON.
Copyright, (New York Evening World), by Press Publishing Co., 1922.

PEACE DOLLARS.

Have you seen the new Peace Dollar, the eagle with folded wings symbolizing peace? The day the Sub-Treasury received the first few thousand in line to get them that only one was allowed to each person.

We can all make our dollars "Peace Dollars" whether they be in bills or coins.

While they are in our pockets the eagle's wings are spread, fluttering to be spent. If we put them aside in a safe place for future use the eagle will fold his wings, bringing us peace and protection against want.

From the Wise

Change of fashions is the tax which industry imposes on the vanity of the rich and the pockets of the poor.—Chamfort.

Conversation is the image of the mind; as the man, so is his speech.—Syrrus.

Proverbs are mental gems gathered in the diamond fields of the mind.—W. R. Alger.

Only he who really bears the burden knows its weight.—Klinger.

Proverbs are mental gems gathered in the diamond fields of the mind.—W. R. Alger.

TURNING THE PAGES

—BY—

C. W. Osborn

Copyright, 1922 (New York Evening World), by Press Publishing Co.

LIKE smiles and tears of change? May That floral beauties bring; The change? feelings parting gies, In joy and sadness spring. For blithely now I return Tae Scotland, dear to me; Just said's my heart, for I must part Columbia frae thee.

Sae soon I'll view again the scenes Of a' my childhood days, And roam among her gowan'd dells, And o'er her bonnie braes, And when the sonnet's tune's no, Shall blithely welcome me, They'll mind me o' the friends I los Columbia in thee.

The sweetest charms my hame cop' tains Are those I loe sae weel; The bliss of wanderers returned, But they aane can feel. Tho' luv o' hame may prove mae dea Than a' the airth ta' me, It shan't efface the ties I'll trace, Columbia in thee.

Thus Capt. Alexander C. Corkum in his book of verse (Atlantic Printing Company, Boston) called "Musings of a Mariner."

Lucky Captain! While he pipes here a merry lay for Columbia, he holds in happy reserve the free Scot, where he may wet his whistle anew at a moment's call.

Youth Followed Lincoln . . .

Ida Tarbell, writing of "Lincoln's Pass-Key to Hearts," has these lines in the New Republic:

Particularly was Lincoln at home with men whose native grain had not been obscured by polish and oil. There were many of them in his time in Illinois, young men, trades or professions more or less built, but never allowing industry to interfere with opportunities for companionship.

The youthfulness of their spirit endeared them to him. They were usually some fifteen or twenty years his junior; but in feeling the difference was greater. Lincoln early looked on himself and spoke of himself as an old man. It was not years—it was burdens, defeats, the failure to find a satisfying purpose in life.

He was old, and he craved youth. These men had it. They were perennial children. Youth seemed to warm him, and he sought it wherever it was to be found—in children, boys, young men. They in turn instinctively came to him.

A succession of youth in all its forms follows him through his goings and comings in the streets of Springfield, along the route of the old Eighth Circuit of Illinois, through the streets of Washington, into the White House.

There is a thought for to-morrow Lincoln Day, in this.

But try to imagine a Young Intellectual swapping stories with Uncle Abe in a Quincey, Ill., tavern!

Giving the Goat His Due . . .

In his "Watched by Wild Animals (Doubleday-Page), Enos Mills pays this belated tribute to a gallant familiar name:

I have never heard of a goat showing any symptoms of fright or fear. Fear with him appears to be a lost trait.

He is decidedly philosophical, makes every movement, meets every emergency with matter-of-fact composure. In all times of danger, and even when dying, he retains mastery of his powers.

When surprised in close quarters he shows no confusion or panic, and retreats in a manner. If one route of retreat is blocked, he starts for another without losing his head. If finally cornered, he makes a stand.

It seems that picking out the fellow to be the goat need not necessarily be playing the game to safety first.

Playing To-Day for To-Morrow . . .

Suggested to Beverly Randolph Tucker by a bit of Sanskrit translation, and by him written for the Reviewer of Richmond:

Ah! Yesterday is but a Dream or gone;

To-morrow is a Goal we play for now,

And if we need each Day as it born,

Then Yesterday is lived again: To-day Portends To-morrow's Hope to every Morn.

Neighbors in the City . . .

Speaking of the city's unknown world of real neighbors, in "Sins and His Friends" (Henry Holt) Simeon Strunsky has this to say:

"While it is still dark I am roused to a greater enjoyment of my warm bed by the clink of bottles in the hall. It is the milkman whom I have never seen."

"A shaver and a stud outside the door is the newspaper carrier. I get up and shave in hot water provided by a furnace man, who once a year at Christmas time becomes a voice up the dumb-waiter, his nothing else."

"You commuters know your baggage driver, and Mr. Harding has revived Mr. Roosevelt's habit of shaking hands with him at the end of a journey. But I don't know my motorman except as the occasional fleeting shadow of a striped jumper and a gray moustache."

"I know nothing whatever of the lady in Wanamaker's who sends my change up in a tube."

"Here is an army of men and women who every day hold my coat, my health, and my life in their hands, but I do not know them. Whereas my next-door neighbor has nothing in common with me."

"But how do you know?" said Williams.

"Nothing in common," indeed! Does not Sinbad share with me door those mornings when the million forests and the paper is late at the clean doesn't come out at 2:30